The Ladies' Garland.

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THE REPOSITORY.

FROM THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE SHRIEKING GHOST.

By the Author of the Woodlands.

[CONCLUDED.]

It was a sunny evening in Autumn, and the deep shadows of the lofty mountain hung in gloom over the sear drapery of the decaying season. Lawrence had returned, as usual, deeply intoxicated. He stood leaning against the willow at the door, and Harriet sat a long time at the window, her pale cheek reclined upon her hand, gazing steadfastly upon his face. Her little infants had cried all day for bread, but not a morsel had they or their mother tasted; the last bushel of corn had gone to purchase the poison with which the unnatural husband and father was ruining his health. They slumbered now, until aroused by their mother, who pressed them to her bosom, bathed their cheeks with tears, and spoke to them consolingly :—'We will go home to-night, my darlings. Come, we will go home together; I will take you to my father; you have no protector here; come, let us go, my poor, dear babes, let us go.' They started up and gazed.—'Will you not get supper first, mamma, for us and our dear father? See how he stands there, is he not sick?' said the youngest. 'Hush, sister,' said the elder, 'mamma has told us she had no supper for us; why do you ask her?' The children were frightened, for they saw a strange hectic flush come and go upon their mother's brow; her frame trembled a moment, and then she was calm again; and as she took them by the hands, they asked her, 'where is the home you take us to mamma?' 'It is not far; I will show it to you directly.' 'Shall I call papa to go with us?' said the elder, and 'have they any supper there?' asked the younger, earnestly. 'O, a crust of bread would be so good!' Harriet made no reply, but led them from the door, and hastily ascended an obscure pathway that led towards the mountain summit. They followed it to its termination at the base of a huge rock that overhung a clear, pellucid spring, from which the cottage, and all the scenery around, were full in view. Here, faint and weak, the mother sat down between her innocent babes, and showed them their father, and told them to look for the last time at all they used to love, 'for we shall not return; we shall drink our last supper here,' said she.

'Where then, mamma,' asked little Julia, 'is the home to which we are going?' 'Look, do you see that pretty cloud' said Harriet to the inquiring child. 'Yes,' was the reply, 'I see it.' 'And that star that just begins to appear above it?' 'I see that too, mamma.' 'Our home is up beyond the cloud and the star, my darlings; we will go there to-night.' 'But how shall we go there' they both inquired; 'there is no road; that is heaven, is it not, mamma?' 'It is,' she replied, for the calm dominion of reason appeared to return in this, her last extremity, 'we will wait a little, until some one comes for us. Meantime, she said, let us drink what this phial contains, it is all that the world has left us; you shall drink first, my babes.' And she bent over them in speechless agony, while she held the poison in her hand, and kissed their moist lips, and her eyes seemed almost bursting from her head.—But she did not weep; raising her face upwards, she clasped her hands, and said wildly and with fearful energy, 'Oh, God, how can I leave them to perish in the world, how can I leave them! And yet a something undefined rises within to struggle against my purpose.' She remained fixed a moment in trembling suspense, and then, as if her returning faculties had vanished away, she turned again to her only objects of earthly affection, and held out to the eldest the fatal phial. 'Drink it Julia, it will satisfy your hunger.' 'Do you drink first, mamma, you must be hungry too; my little sister and myself will share what is left,' said Julia. 'O, yes,' added the youngest, 'we will not taste it until you have drunk as much as you want; drink mamma.' 'Poor little innocents,' breathed the mother, as she turned her head aside, 'how affectionate to the last! Alas! they know not of this deed, at which I shudder! and shall I hesitate? Oh my brain! my brain, but it must be done.' And she raised the phial and drank, then gave it to the children, who took it, trembling while they looked upon the pale faced, agitated mother. 'Is it good mamma? will it not hurt us?' asked the youngest. 'Drink, it is good, my child,' returned Harriet, and Julia too urged her sister, 'do you think, Jane, mamma, who loves us so much, would give it to us if it was not good?' The poor child tasted, and then drank and gave it to Julia, whose eyes were still fixed upon her mother, whose head reclined upon her hand while her eyes rolled convulsively around. 'You are sick, mamma,' said she. 'Nay,' replied Harriet, 'drink my dear, and lie down on the grass; we will sleep until some one comes to take us home. The poor child hesitated, and turning she saw that her sister's eyes were closed beside her, and that her mother began to dose. She bent over them, laid Jane on her mother's bosom, wiped away a tear, and said to herself, 'if I drink, perhaps I should sleep too. I will sit, and watch my mother and little Jane till they awake; and she sat a long time gazing on them; and then she gathered a bunch of wild flowers, and amused herself in stringing them until it grew dark.

That night was one of the most stormy that ever visited the valley, the clouds gathered from every quarter of the heavens, and burst in torrents on the the tree tops. When it began to rain, Julia tried to rouse her mother and sister from their sleep, but tried and tried in vain. She felt that they were cold and stiff, but she knew not, she had never heard of death. It was a strange unusual sleep, she thought, but she could not rouse them—at last she resolved to run to the cottage and bring her father to assist in carrying them down. The lightning flashed fearfully, the thunder burst in frequent and tremendous peals, and several times she returned terrified almost to death, and renewed her attempt to rouse from the deep, cold, changeless sleep of death her mother and little Jane. At last the terrors of her situation triumphed over those of the storm and the darkness; and she reached the cottage. She found her father lying insensible by the door; she roused him up at last, but in his deep intoxication he cursed her and her mother, bidding her begone. She then tried to get him into the house, and succeeded. The exertion brought him a little to his senses, and he asked for Harriet, and swore he would kill her for not getting him in before. When she told him she was asleep in the mountain; and begged him to go and help her to wake her mother and sister, or bring them home, he became furious, and pushed her out at the door, bidding her go and sleep with them if she liked it.

The innocent little sufferer, went weeping bitterly through all the storm, back to the place where she had left her only friends, lighted on her way by the searing flashes of the lightning. There she remained through the long and dreary night, and was found in the morning lying on the cold bosom of her departed mother, drenched with rain, nearly famished by hunger, and almost dead. They took her over to the settlement on the river; but she died in a few days in a delirious fever, asking constantly whether her dear mother and sister had awakened yet. Lawrence, when reason was restored to him, fled like a madman from his wretched habitation, and the mother and children were buried in one grave at the foot of the garden, under a willow tree. No certain tidings of him were ever heard afterwards; but it had often been said, that, previous to every violent storm, a mysterious horseman is seen traversing the country round, and pausing with frantic gestures in the summit of every knoll that overlooks the ruins of the cottage, and seems like a wandering ghost, haunting with fearful apprehensions the scenes which his crimes have rendered desolate forever. And shrieks, too, have often been heard to mingle with the shrill voice of the tempest, as it blows through the lofty trees around the level graves of the unhappy Nevilles.

But the storm has cleared away, said old Esselwolff, since I began my story; and it was not Lawrence Neville on the coal black horse, I saw upon the Pine Bluff, an hour ago, he continued, looking

significantly at a tall, genteel, but striking figure, who, while all were listening to the pathetic narrative, had dismounted from his horse, and stolen in among them. It was he who had come over the hill, who had paused so long upon its brow in the early twilight—it was Juliet's lover.

That sweet girl had listened to the fate of the Nevilles with trembling anxiety, had wept over it, and it was no wonder that it produced on her mind an effect instantaneous and powerful. It seemed to her like a flash of light on the very road she was herself pursuing. She had encouraged, in the fervour of her young and ardent affections, the addresses of Robin Gray, in opposition to her uncle's wishes, for Robin was known to be somewhat addicted to intemperance; and old Esselwolff had long warned his little favorite against encouraging a youth of such doubtful promise. He knew him when he saw him first, that evening, and knew on what errand he had come thither, and chose the moment as one the most favorable to introduce the old legend of the Shrieking Ghost.

Love, the most powerful of all passions, is only blown into a stronger and more enduring flame by the breath of cold and disingenuous opposition.—In vain does reason convince the judgment when that master passion rules the empire of the heart. In vain the paternal mandate is heard, when the voice of love rises in its powers to struggle with it. In vain are all the common place topics of remonstrance exhausted in the endeavour to make the heart that loves subject to the influence of reason. To wage effective war with passion, you must strike home, into the very domicil it occupies—the heart; and counteract its force by operating on other passions. The narrative she had heard, mingled from that hour with the very spirit of Juliet, and roused up the fears of her gentle bosom; and awaked the generous indignation of her soul, not only against that erring and miserable man, whose happiness had for many years been sealed up in the bloodless grave of Harriet, but against the vice whose controlling power had gathered the storms of misfortune to the scene of ruin.

She took her accustomed walk that evening with Robin Gray, but her voice had lost the tone of tenderness with which she blest him once; for ever and anon she thought of the green sods that pressed upon the bosoms of the Nevilles. He spoke even then of love, but she wept the while over the sorrows of those innocent victims of a husband's and a father's intemperance; and whenever her thoughts wandered back to him who had yesterday been their centre, a voice seemed to speak within,—"And thou, Robin, art such an one." She parted with him that night, and he never came again; she had not withheld from him her honest change of sentiment in regard to him.

Ten years afterwards, Robin Gray died, in the flower of his age, a confirmed, abandoned drunkard. Ten years afterwards Juliet was the wife of one of the wealthiest merchants on the Susquehanna;—one who made her happy, and with whom her life was blessed. Who, of all my fair readers, is situated as Juliet was? If any, which of them will receive as profitable a lesson, from this hasty and imperfect sketch?

THE DYING MAIDEN.

When a medical student in Philadelphia, I was taken by my instructor to the residence of Eloisa.—The lovely maid was on her death bed; I had known her about two years. When I first saw this charming girl, she was all "life, light and joy." The rose bloomed upon her cheek, while love sported in every graceful ringlet, and the ethereal brightness of the diamond sparkled in her full dark eye. She had fixed her affections on a noble hearted youth, whose lofty soul was every way worthy of her.—With him, I was also acquainted. I saw him on the last morning he ever beheld the sun rise, depart upon a shooting party, his cheeks glowing with health and flushed with joy. With all the eagerness of youthful spirit, he bounded over the distant hill.—But alas! the stern tyrant who bestrides the pale horse trampled swiftly after him. When the shades of evening fell, his bleeding body was conveyed to the paternal home by his sorrowing companions.

The accidental discharge of a gun had deprived Eloisa of all that her soul held most dear. When the sad news reached her, grief was too intense for utterance; it was of that awful kind which throws a pall of horror over the sufferer, and seems to convert the living form into a lifeless statue. To this dreadful calm succeeded the tempest of frenzy—she was wild, frantic, and inconsolable;—but nature could not long endure this state. A calm and settled melancholy then succeeded, and still, the wilderness of her eye sunk into calm tranquillity.—From this state poor Eloisa fell into a decline, and was just expiring when I arrived. I had never before seen a human being die, and my blood ran chill at the awful silence that prevailed in the apartment, interrupted at intervals by a faint sigh from the beautiful sufferer.

I stood by the bed side and gazed upon the pallid cheek over which a slight hectic flush would sometimes force itself, as if nature were struggling to conquer the great conqueror of all.

She turned her half closed eye towards me, as if to implore my assistance, and appeared to be struggling with her hands, which were beneath the bed clothes. I thought the weight oppressed her bosom, and gently turning them down a little, saw a miniature in her snow white hand. The poor sufferer tried in vain to raise it to her eyes, that she might catch the one last sad look of the resemblance of her departed Theodore.

I raised the picture to her face, her eyes for a moment glittered with supernatural fire, and then with one convulsive grasp she pressed it to her lips, and drawing a deep sigh, the scene was closed forever.

This is the "ruling passion strong in death."—At that distressed moment I could have resigned my life willingly to restore Eloisa and Theodore to each other's arms.

Zoroaster's definition of the Supreme Being.

His is the first of incorruptibles; eternal, and not created; he is not composed of parts; there is nothing like, or equal to him: he is the author of every good; the sovereign disposer of all order, and of all beauty: he derives his knowledge only from himself: he is the source of all wisdom, and sole author of all nature.

THE ALTAR.

MR. WHITEFIELD.

Mr. Whitefield was one day preaching in Boston on the wonders of creation, providence, and redemption, when a violent tempest of thunder and lightning arose. In the midst of his sermon it had attained to such a tremendous pitch of wild uproar, that the congregation sat fixed in almost breathless awe. The doctor closed his note book, and stepping into one of the wings of the desk, fell on his knees, and with much feeling and fine taste repeated:—

"Hark!—th' ETERNAL rends the sky!
A mighty voice before him goes!
A voice of music to his friends,
But—threat'ning thunder to his foes!
Come children to your father's arms,
Hide in the chambers of my grace,
'Till the fierce storm be overblown,
And my revenging fury cease."

"Let us devoutly sing to the praise and glory of God the 7th Hymn: Old Hundred."

The whole congregation instantly arose, and poured forth the sacred song, in which they were nobly seconded by the organist, in a style of pious grandeur and heartfelt devotion that never was surpassed. By the time the hymn was finished, the storm was hushed, and the sun bursting forth, shewed through the windows to the enraptured assembly, a magnificent and brilliant arch of peace. The preacher resumed the desk, and his discourse with this apposite quotation:

"Look upon the rainbow, and praise him that made it; very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof!

"It compasseth the heavens about with a glorious circle; and the hands of the most high have blended it."

The remainder of the services were well calculated to sustain that elevated feeling which had been produced; and the benediction, with which the good man dismissed the flock, was universally received with streaming eyes and hearts overflowing with tenderness and gratitude.

THE GARLAND.

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 30, 1824.

FEMALE LITERATURE.

There is no subject of greater interest than the education of females. So much of the pleasure, elegance, and happiness, of life, depends upon it, that it should be an object of primary consideration in every family. The increase of female seminaries in this country cannot but be contemplated with the highest gratification; and we rejoice whenever an opportunity is afforded us of presenting interesting facts in relation to their condition.

Most of our readers will recollect the mention of Mrs. Willard's Seminary, at Troy, N. Y.; the neat and elegant manner in which she received La Fayette; and the appropriate verses recited by the young ladies of the institution. We feel gratified in being able to lay before our patrons the following notice of the course of instruction pursued in that valuable Seminary; and will feel indebted to literary friends for similar notices of any institution within the circle of their observation.

TROY FEMALE SEMINARY.

There is no female institution in the United States superior to this Seminary, in the number of pupils, the distances from which they are collected, and the respectability of the families to which they belong. It has an open and airy situation, in a place which is healthy, easy of access, and which travellers all concur in considering as one of the pleasantest in the Union. The inhabitants of Troy are noted for the correctness of their moral habits. They take a deep interest in the success of their Female Seminary, and treat the pupils with kindness and attention. Besides a board of trustees, selected from among the most respectable of the male citizens, ten highly respectable ladies are associated as a committee to watch for the good of the institution.

The course of literary instruction given at this school, speaks for itself, and perhaps almost entitles it to the appellation which Mr. Stone, the editor of the New York Spectator, has given it in a late paper, that of a "Female University." In languages, they have Latin and French. In pure Mathematics, an improved method of teaching Arithmetic, Algebra, the elements of Geometry, Trigonometry, and Perspective; and in mixed Mathematics, Enfield's Institutes of Natural Philosophy. In the other departments of Science and Literature, they have an improved system of teaching Geography, ancient and modern, and History; they have the works of Blair and Kaimes on Belles Lettres, those of Paley on Natural Theology, the Evidences of Christianity and Moral Philosophy; Hedge on Logic, and Stuart and Brown on the Philosophy of the Mind. Besides the regular course of instruction, courses of lectures are occasionally given on Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, and some of the departments of Natural History. Nine hours of the twenty-four are considered as school hours. That their health need not be injured by confinement, the pupils have frequent walks. For the same object, and also for improvement in gracefulness of motion, the hour from six to seven in the evening is regularly devoted to dancing. Feminine accomplishments here receive a suitable attention. Not only dancing but music is assidiously cultivated, and drawing not neglected. Domestic economy forms an essential part of a woman's business through life, and it is here believed that it should also of her education. The strictest order is required of the pupils in the arrangement of their rooms, where they are lodged two in each apartment, and they are taught some of the most difficult parts of housewifry by a lady employed for that purpose.

With regard to the all-important subjects of religion and morals, the whole school meet at morning and evening to offer up their united vows to their Maker. They go together to his house upon the Sabbath. After the evening service, they recite either a lesson from the Scriptures or from Paley's Evidences of Christianity. On Saturday, from twelve to one, the pupils are assembled, and the Principal, with the earnestness which affection for her pupils imparts, impresses upon them their general and peculiar duties, and lays before them the motives for their observance; after which the week is ended as it is begun, with devotion.

THE TOMB.

TO THE EDITOR.

I deem the following beautiful sketch so appropriate to the Garland, that I must ask the favor of you to insert it, notwithstanding it has been perused by most of your readers. It is a flower that deserves preservation, and one that will bloom with unfading verdure, while the ordinary buds of fancy wither and die beneath the gaze. Q.

SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal; every other affliction to forget—but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open. This affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished, like a blossom, from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved, and he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portals, would accept consolation that was to be bought by forgetfulness?—No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud even over the bright hour of gaiety; or spread a deep sadness over the hour of gloom; yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a recollection of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh the grave!—the grave!—It buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that ever he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him! But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! Then it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy;—then it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene—the bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendants, its mute, watchful assiduities—the last testimonies of expiring love—the feeble, fluttering, thrilling, oh! how thrilling! pressure of the hand—the last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence—the faint, faltering accents struggling in death to give one more assurance or affection!"

GLEANINGS.

EVERY BODY'S COUSIN.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

I have just had an additional opportunity of proving the accuracy of observation which distinguishes Picard's comedy. I was present at the celebration of a marriage, which was to be followed by a grand feast, at one of the most celebrated taverns in the capital. The number of relations (thanks, probably, to this latter circumstance,) was very considerable. Among them I observed one whose conduct might have served as a model. He was dressed in a suit of black, and had a collected air, with a smile playing upon his lips, and appeared to be inspired by a general benevolence. At the moment of going into the sacristy, he offered his hand to a respectable grand-aunt of the bride's, who was quite charmed with a courtesy to which she did not appear to be accustomed. On entering the carriages, to repair to the feast, he again gave his hand to the old lady, and afterwards seated himself beside her at the banquet. At table he seemed perpetually engaged.—Full of attentions to his neighbor, he found means not to forget himself, although he undertook to carve several of the principal dishes. At the desert, he sung some couplet on marriage, which seemed to have been composed for the occasion; he drew the cork out of the first bottle of Champagne; he it was who first drank the health of the young married couple; he fastened one of the bride's favors to his button-hole; in short, having charmed the whole company by his affability and good humor, he took leave when the gaming tables were brought in. "My love," said the bride-groom to his young spouse, "I am delighted in the acquisition of a relation so amiable as the gentleman who has just quitted us." "My dear," replied the lady, "it is an acquisition which I value the more, as I am indebted for it to you." "What! is not this polite gentleman your cousin?" "On the contrary, I thought he was your's, and it was on that account I was so impressed with the civilities he expressed towards me." An explanation between the two families proved that this every body's cousin was nobody's cousin; but as, after examination, none of the spoons or shawls were missing, the company laughed heartily at the adventure, and resolved that, under similar circumstances, they would call over the names of the party before going into the dining-room.

THE EYE.

A beautiful eye makes silence eloquent, a kind eye makes contradiction an assent, an enraged eye makes beauty deformed. The eye speaks a language, in which there can be no deceit, nor can a skilful observer be imposed upon by looks even among politicians and courtiers.

A DEMONSTRATOR IN NATURAL HISTORY.

There is a man travelling in England, and exhibiting in a cage, a dog, a cat, a mouse, and a sparrow. They live together like brothers and sisters. These four animals sleep in the same bed, and eat at the same dish; the dog, indeed, serves himself first, but does not forget the cat, who has the complaisance to give to the mouse certain tid bits to his taste, and to leave the sparrow the crumbs of bread, which the others do not envy him. The dog licks the cat, the cat combs the dog, the mouse plays with the cat's paw, and the sparrow flutters high and low, pecking sometimes one, and sometimes another. This man, with his cage, may be very properly designated by the appellation given him at the head of this article. He proves that the dog and cat are not belligerents by instinct, but by prejudice and practice. But, again, he proves, that if these animals are by nature belligerents, their antipathies may be removed by making them better acquainted with each other. What an ocean of blood—how many millions of lives—how many fair cities, might be saved to the world, every century, by the world's taking a lesson from this philosopher, shutting its belligerent inhabitants up in a cage till they became better acquainted with one another. We are enemies only because we are strangers.

AFFECTING RECOGNITION.

A few years ago, in working to establish a communication between two shafts of a mine at Fahkin, the capital of Dalacarlia, the body of a miner was discovered in a state of perfect preservation, and impregnated with vitriolic water. It was quite soft, but hardened on being exposed to the air. No one could identify the body; it was merely remembered that the accident by which he had been buried in the bosom of the earth, had taken place above fifty years ago. All inquiries about the name of the sufferer had already ceased, when a decrepit old woman, supported on crutches, slowly advanced towards the corpse, and knew it to be that of a young man to whom she had been promised in marriage more than half a century ago. She threw herself on the corpse, which had all the appearance of a bronze statue, bathed it with her tears, and fainted with joy at having once more beheld the object of her affections. It is easier to conceive than trace the singular contrast afforded by that couple; the one buried fifty years ago, still retaining the appearance of youth; while the other, weighed down by age, evinced all the fervor of youthful love.

YANKEE GIRLS.

At the late annual Fair at Pawtuxet, Rhode Island, there were premiums given (for substantial and fanciful household manufactures) to twenty-five ladies, about one third of whom are *Matrons*, and the remainder *Misses*. We think the bachelors will *miss* it very much, if they do not most assidiously persuade such fine girls to change their titles and their names.—[*Balt. Chron.*

In a party of ladies, the conversation turned upon the fact, that females have many admirers, but few or no lovers. "Ah!" said a venerable old lady who sat by lamenting the degeneracy of the times, "*Courting is nothing now to what it was when I was young.*"

POETRY.

FROM THE NORTHAMPTON ORACLE.

UNION COLLEGE, SEPT. 3, 1824.

MR. EDITOR—The following little ballad, from the pen of CROAKER & Co. pleases me so well, that I cannot resist the temptation of giving you a transcript for publication, should you think it worthy a place in your columns. It has been some time in my possession, and the oftener I read or sing it, the more I am delighted with it. It is suited to the beautiful air of "Shannon Side," and also to some other Scottish airs. I remember having once heard it sung at a wedding, after the ceremonies were performed, when the effect was so great, that the bride was in tears, and every individual present requested a copy of the ballad, together with the air. It struck me as particularly appropriate; and never, since that time, have I attended a wedding, but, amidst the hilarities of the occasion, these words would very frequently occur to memory.

"*There is a song of sorrow,*" &c. Q.

TO **** *** ******.

The world is bright before thee,
Its summer flowers are thine,
Its calm blue sky is o'er thee,
Thy bosom, pleasure's shrine;
And thine the sun-beam, given
To nature's morning hour,
Pure, warm, as when from heaven
It burst on Eden's bower.

There is a song of sorrow,
The death-dirge of the gay,
That tells, ere dawn of morrow,
These charms may melt away;
That sun's bright beam be shaded,
That sky be blue no more,
The summer flowers be faded,
And youth's warm promise o'er.

Believe it not, though lonely
The evening home may be;
Though beauty's bark can only
Float on the summer's sea;
Though time thy bloom is stealing,
There's still beyond his art,
The wild-flower-wreath of *feeling*,
The sun-beam of the *heart*.

STANZAS.

BY MRS. CORNWALL BARON WILSON.

TELL me, Wanderer! wildly roving
From the path that leads to peace;
Pleasure's false enchantments loving,
When will thy delusion cease?
Will it last, till years come o'er thee,
And thy flatt'rers charm no more?
When the crowds that now adore thee,
Cease to follow as before?

Once, like thee, by joys surrounded,
I, too, knelt at PLEASURE's shrine;
Once, too, all MY hopes were founded
In delights as fale as thine!

THEN, the moments flew unheeded;—
As the wave that rolls along,
Soon as one bright hope receded,
Came another smiling on!

But these cloudless hours, that blest me,
Vanish'd to return no more;—
And the world, that once caressed me,
Frown'd, when other's smiles were o'er!

So 'twill be with youth and beauty,
Fairy blossoms early blown;
Only in the path of duty,
Can unchanging joy be known!

Woburn Place, Russel Square.

HYMN TO THE STARS.

AYE, there ye shine! and there have shone
In one eternal "hour of prime,"
Each rolling, burningly, alone,
Through boundless space and countless time!
Aye, there ye shine—the golden dews
That pave the realms by seraphs trod;
There through yon echoing vault diffuse
The song of choral worlds to GOD.

Ye visible spirits! bright, as erst
Young Eden's birth-night saw ye shine
On all her flowers and fountains first,
Yet sparkling from the hand divine;
Yes! bright as then ye smiled, to catch
The music of a sphere so fair,
Ye hold yon high, immortal watch,
And gird your GOD's pavillion there!

Gold frets to dust—yet there ye are;
Time rots the diamond—there ye roll
In primal light, as if each star
Enshrined an everlasting soul!
And do they not?—since yon bright throngs
One All-enlightening Spirit own,
Praised there by pure sidereal tongues,
Eternal, glorious, blest, and lone!

Could man but see what ye have seen,
Unfold awhile the shrouded past—
From all that is, to what has been,
The glance how rich, the range how vast!—
The birth of time—the rise, the fall
Of empires—myriads, ages flown—
Thrones, cities, tongues, arts, worships—all
The things whose echoes are not gone.

Ye saw rapt ZOROASTER send
His soul into your mystic reign;
Ye saw the adoring *Sabian* bend—
The living hills his mighty fane!—
Beneath his blue and beaming sky
He worshipped at your lofty shrine,
And deemed he saw, with gifted eye,
The Godhead in His works divine.

And there ye shine! as if to mock
The children of a mortal sire;
The storm, the bolt, the earthquake's shock,
The red volcano's cataract fire,
Drought, famine, plague, and blood, and flame,
All Nature's ills, (and Life's worse woes,)
Are nought to you—ye smile the same,
And scorn alike their dawn and close.

Aye, there ye roll—emblems sublime
Of HIM whose Spirit o'er us moves,
Beyond the clouds of grief and crime,
Still shining on the world he loves!—
Nor is one scene to mortals given,
That more divides the soul and sod,
Than yon bright heraldry of Heaven—
Yon burning blazonry of GOD!

ADDRESS TO A TEAR.

Pellucid drop of sacred dew!
From sorrow's briny fountain shed,
That from the eye of mildest blue,
Fall'st on the cheek of mildest red.

Sweet tear! what orient gem reveals
A lustre to the sun more bright,
Than that thy limpid bosom steals
From the mild eye that swims in light.

Offspring of sorrow, and its care!
That through the eye relieves the heart,
As the descending rain-drops pure,
Exhaust the clouds from which they part.

'Tis to the heart thou giv'st relief,
As dews the parching flow'rets cheer:
Sweet is the ecstacy of grief!
And sweet the rapture of a tear.

Hail little sphere of ray serene!
I love thee for sweet JULIA's sake,
Thou prov'st a heart to feeling keen,
To Nature's loveliest claim awake.

Pure is her bosom as thine own,
Now trembling in her cheek so fair,
That well might tempt an angel down,
To kiss thee from the roses there.